

A

SUPPLEMENT TO THE NARRATIVE.

In Reply to the

Dulness and Malice Of two pretended

A N S W E R S

To that

PAMPHLET.

Written by *E. SEITLE*.

*Carmine dum tali Sylvas Animosque Ferarum
Threicius Vates & saxa sequentia traxit,
Ecce Narus Ciconum* ————— *Ovid. Metam.*

L O N D O N,

Printed, and Sold by *Thomas Graves* for the Author. 1683.

A Supplement, &c.

Well, Lord have mercy upon us! What a crying Sin is turning *Honest*, and telling *Truth*, to those *Rea-letter'd* Saints the *Whiggs*? How many Rogues, Dogs, Rascals and Villains, has poor *Elkanah* been call'd by them (for they *raile as loud as they pray*) and all alas, not for *Libelling* the Brother of a King, (for that was his *Virtue*) but for doing *ill* and being *sorry* for it. How many Reprobates, Monsters, and what not, has his Apostacy from that Heav'nly Whig-gift of *Lying* and *Scandal* transform'd him to: Whilst he raked up *Dirt*, and *Falshood* to throw in the Face of Princes, tho' stoln from that sink of *Forgery* the **HISTORY OF THE BLACK BOX**, what *Honesty* and *Oracles* hung upon his *Lips*; and what an *Angel* of Light was such a Protestant Champion! But from that minute, that accursed minute, that he speaks *Truth*, and owns and repents of that *Malice* that animated him, tho' into the very *Unchristianity* of *Revenge*, what a falling *Lucifer* have they made him?

Besides, this is but the *Crime* of his *Preface* and *Post-script*; but oh for his *Narrative*! his *lewd*, his *filthy*, his *abominable* *Narrative*. Reprobae of Reprobates, and Monster of Monsters, having no fear of God before his Eyes, but led by the Instigation of the Devil, he has dash'd their dear, their darling, their adored *Dagon* to pieces; and the disconsolate Saints want Power to joyn the poor *umps* of it together again.

But alas! where *Reason* cannot help them, *Railing* and *Lying* shall. And for an *Essay* of that *Nature*, we meet a harpies fucking Devil of theirs coming a-broad, call'd **REMARKS UPON E. SETTLES NARRATIVE**, an Extraordinary piece for their *Dagons* *Justification*, being all *Billings-gate* and no *Argument* from the beginning to the end. That scurrilous sensless scribble that I should have answ'red with *Silence* and *Distain*, had not the Barbarous Impudence of some intended personal Reflections in it, a Mass of as *Brazen-faced Romance* and *Forgery*, as ever Ink and Letters brought forth, extorted this *Vindication* from the Rancour of *Abuse* and *Villany*. But truly there's a great deal of *Caute* for it. For where any thing comes in Print a little too *unanswerable* for them, and they cannot make their Attempt that way, the Authors *Person* must be attacqued, and an *Assault* made upon his *Reputation* is their old practised way, to baffle that *Reason* they cannot otherwise overthrow; whilst they *Write* as they *Preach* only to *Ignorance* and *Fools*, such as can be caught by *Empty Noise*, and *Charm'd* by *Sounds*.

But before I convince the World, how Notorious a *Lyer* the *Remarkar* is in those Rascally stories laid at poor *Elkanah's* *Door*. I shall endeavor to answer some few passages in his Book, which to the unwary at first sight may look a little like sense, tho' God wot, but a little indeed: He puts the *Narrative* writer this Question. p. 11

Whether it were not more probable that the Papists a People of debaucht and murderous Principles, that bear no Conscience towards Hereticks, persecuted by penal Laws [not when the Plot was hatching sure] should be induced out o' their Hatred of the Protestant Religion, and for the Advancement of ther own, to remove the Obstacles of their Freedom and Happiness by the Destruction of a Heretick Prince; then that a few incosiderable Persons without any Support or Encouragement should dare to create such a Horrid and Bloody Plot of their own Heads, and then venture their Lives by daring to justifie it to the Face of King and Parliament. Now what a doubtful Question has this Remarkar made; and what an OEdipus must he be that answers it?

That the Papists are those debaticht and Murderous Principled Men I acknowledge; but that their Killing the King by those *open day-light* Assassinations sworn in the Plot, could have been an Advancement of their Religion, and a removing the Obstacles to their Freedom and Happiness I utterly deny. For the bare-faced shooting the King by *Pickerings* Gun, by such a hand, at such a place, and in such a Manner, as attested by the *Plot-swearers*, had been so remote a way from advancing either the *Papists* or their *Religion*, that on the contrary it had been the *direct* means to have drawn down that Vengeance upon their Heads, from the *Hundred* fold

fold stronger Protestant hands in *England*, as might have almost blotted them from the Face of the Earth. And as the Narrative tells you, if that were the highest reach of an Intrigue of a Hundred Years hatching, much good may do them with their *Politticks*.

But had the Discoverers no *Support* nor *Encouragement* from making their Discoveries, when from *Infamy Jails* and *Beggary* they stopt up to Ten Pounds a week maintenance, and the honor of *Whitehall Lodgings*, *Whitehall Guards* to attend them, with the Pomp of *bended Knees* and up *lifted Eyes* from the adoring Crowd, and the continued *Hosannas OF ALL HAYLE THE SAVIOURS OF THE NATION*. Was it no Encouragement for such a poor *Marshall's* a Bird as *Bedlam*, newly releast from feeding on the *Basket*, to leap at the Kings Proclamation of 500*l* for the Discovery of Sir *Edmond-bury Godfreys* Murder? And tho' severall unhappy unforeseen discouragements have befallen them *since*; Yet, they are not so desparately unfortunate yet, but they have some Friends left. The Reverend Dr. the despised at the Profane *Whitehall*, is still honored by the sanctified *City Brotherhood*. A large House well furnish'd, with Servants, Attendants, and all good things at Command, and all to the *Son of a Weaver* with not one farthing worth of *Patrimony* or *Preferrment* is a sign that Providence has not *quite* forsaken him? 'Tis true his *disbartened Plot* has left him in a little *Wildernes* at present. Yet let me tell you ther's a fort of *Birds of Prey*, your *kind fat Amsterdam* Buntins, that like *Elisha's* *Ravens*, take care to keep him *well fed* still. And the true blew Protestant Guinneys collected and raised for the late defeated *City Feast*, were yet very honorably disposed of, and the rewarded Dr. had a round Lump of that *corroborating* *Gold* to enliven his *fainting* *Spirits*, and strengthen his *true Protestant* *Zeal*. For I assure you 'tis but *nec scarry*; for great and long Causes require often *Feeding*; the Clients must be *Bountifull* to keep the Advocates safely *retain'd*. And tho' some People may lay Poverty to his charge: to confute that error, the Dr. I assure them, does not *pinch* himself into a *Jump* for want of Cloth enough to make it up into a *Gown*.

Besides why must it follow (suppose the Plot a picce of *Enbarnation*) that those inconsiderable Persons should create it of their *Own* heads. What if the Heads of some considerable *TOWER* *Jail Birds* should joyn with the Inconsiderable *Marshall's* *Jail-Birds* for the production of it. 'Tis not the first time that *Quality* and *Rascality* have *club'd* together, and like the spurious *Off-spring* of *Nilus*, there goes some *Sun-beam* not all *mud* to make up the *Monster*.

Oh but the greatest and most damnable Crime in the Narrative is, *it has ridiculed the whole Popish Plot, and consequently affronted the King, Lords and Commons, that have so unanimously and so frequently asserted their Belief of the Popish Plot.*

Now to clear this Imputation from the *Narrative* and the *Author*, he hereby declares, that no man in the World can pay a greater Reverence to the King, or his Parliaments then himself: But in the height of all that Veneration due to Heavns Vicegerent, both from a Subject and a Christian, I must say that the King, Lords and Commons together are but *Men*, and as such not *Infallible*. And *Inadvertency* and *Surprize* may sometimes deceive both *Kings* and *Potentates*. The King and his Parliament have declared there was a Plot against the Kings Life; and yet they have decreed no penalty or punishment to him that says, that *Pickering* was one of the *worst Gunners* in Christendom, and *St. James's Park* the *worst* spot of *Ground* for such an *Affassination*. The Plot Discoverers have been credited by the King and Parliament; and yet if any Man shall but *ASSERT* what the Discoverers *SWEAR*, as *sacred* as their *Testimony* has been, the Law will lay him by the heels for it. For he that shall *ever* that *Wakeman* was engaged to *Poyson* the King, or *Kerney* one of the four *Ruffians* was hired to stab him, is *lyable* to be *punisht* for it; for they have stood *Tryal*, and been *acquitted* by *LAW*, and as such they have their *Action* against him that asperses, and traduces the *Innocent*.

'Tis true, I neither *do*, nor *dare* say that poor *Pickering* and *Groves* were *Innocent*: and why because the *Law* has pronounced them *Guilty*. And yet I may safely say that had they had the good Fortune to have lived a Year and a half longer than they did, 'twas not *impossible* nor *unlikely* they might have dyed in their *Beds*, for all their *Screwed* *Guns* or *Silver Bullets*. Besides without Derogation to Kings or their

their great Councils, not only their Votes have been several times *Humane* and *Fraile*; but even their Deliberate *Acts* and *Statutes* are not always *Gospel*? For Instance King *Henry* the 8th. and one of his Parliaments made an *Act* that *illegitimated* both *Mary* and *Elizabeth* his Daughters; and decreed a punishment for any Man that should but afflert their Right to the Crown, or so much as *call* them *Legitimate* [28th of *Hen. 8th.*]

And the same *Henry* and another of his Parliaments [35th of *Hen. 8th.*] *Legitimated* them *Both* again, by Virtue of which *Legitimation* they both successively wore the *Crown of England*. And all this *Legally* done by the King and the great Council of the Nation. And yet in the *Case* of *Legitimacy* which relates to their *Birth* and *Blood*, which is *unchangeable*, either the *pro* or the *con* must be *Erroneous*. And what if in our *case*, in the *same Nature*; only *vice versa*, the King *Lords* and *Commons* Assembled in Parliament *anno 78* and *79*, should have declared the *Popish Plot* sworn by *Titus, Bedlows, Dugdale, France, Dangerfield, Duffy, Murfey, Macnamar, Zeale, Lewis* &c. was *LEGITIMATE*, and the King *Lords* and *Commons* in another Parliament in *83*, (or when His Majesty pleases) should declare the *aforesaid Plot* to be *ILLEGITIMATE*, I know nothing to the contrary but it lyes in their *Breaths* and *pleasures* to do it.

But however *Elkanah's* *Narrative* has scurrilously and basely arraigned the *Ju-*
stice, and *Judges* of the Nation: ----And why so! Is there one passage through the
whole Book that *says* or *Hints* that the *Popish Conspirators* had not their *Legal Try-*
als; and tho' among so many *Hundred Treasonable Letters, Commissions* and what
not, against them, their *Accusers* produced nothing but *HEARTY SWEARING*
for their *Conviction*, yet do not the *Lord Chief J. at Whitebreads Tryal* say that
'tis by the *Oaths* of two *Witnesses* that *our Lives and Fortunes stand or fall*. And does
the *Narrative* *say* or *insinuate* that they had not *two or more* *Witnesses* whose *Oaths*
condemn'd them; for which the *Jury* brought them in *Guilty*, and the *Judges* ac-
cording to their *Duties* condemn'd them as such; and how then is the *Justice* or
Judges of the Nation *Impeached*, when on the contrary they were so far from dying
unjustly, that they dyed even *summo jure*, by the *hightest Justice* in the *Kingdom*.
Besides, suppose *Pickering* was never engaged to *Pistol* the King, and has yet dyed
for it: So I have heard of some People that have been *hang'd* in *Chains* for a *Mur-*
der, when the *supposed Murdered Person* has some *Years* after been found *alive*, and
all this while the *Judge* and the *unfortunate Jury* neither *arraigned* nor *arraignable* for
their *Sentence* or *Execution*.

Who then has the *Narrative* *wronged*, the *Kings Evidence*? No. That's *Impossi-*
ble; for to tell *truth* can *wrong* no body: and the *Narrative* is so far from *belying*
them, that it recites not one passage but is *recorded* from their own *Oaths*. And
why a *Recital* of what is *sworn* in the *Plot* should be a *Burlesquing* of the *Plot* I can-
not understand.

Oh but telling *Truth*, says the *Proverb*, may sometimes do harm; and in this
case the whole Book tho' with never so much *truth* in it, tends to the *lessening* the
Discoverers Testimony and a *Stifling* the whole *Popish Plot*.

Now 'tis true indeed, why should *Elkanah* be such a *Cudden* as to *endeavor* the
Stifling of the *Popish Plot*, when it saves him the *labor*, and *Stifles* it self. The *Me-*
teor wanted a *Body* to last, and so the *short liv'd Exhalation* has *spent* it self, and is
expired. But for my part I pay such a profound respect to the *Plot*, that I heartily
wish that it may have that *preheminence* above all *Plots* whatsoever, as to be
the *ONLY* more than *Phanix* of the *Kind*, and be never *equalled* from the begin-
ning to the end of the *World*; and that it may find its *just Merit* in *deathless Re-*
cords, Ide have it annexed to the *History of AMBOYNA*, and when the *Turk* comes
farther into *Christendom*, have it presented him to bind up with the *Alcoran*. Be-
sides, I solemnly avow the *Plot* was a *good Plot*, especially whilst 'twas *hot* and
fresh; and if it has been set by till 'tis *cold* and *stinks*, 'tis no fault of mine. I ac-
knowledge the *Ingredients* of the *Plot* are *Rarities* in their *kind*; but if the *Plotters*
and *Discoverers* between them, have unfortunately made a *Hotch Potch* instead of
an *Oleo*, and put them so *fullsomly* together till they *nauseate*, can I help it. If the
Swearers have *contradicted* each *others Testimony*, and sometimes their *own*, is

Elkanah to answer for it. Besides as the Discoverers have sworn the Jesuits to be the greatest ROGUES in the World through the whole Popish Plot, so *Elkanah's* Narrative has proved them through the whoie Plot to be the greatest IDEOTS in the World. And pray what Indignity is it to the Honor of King Lords and Commons, or scandal to the Justice of the Nation to add one blot more to the Scutcheon of a Jesuit, and from a pack of *Knaves* to make them a pack of *Fools* too. If this be a *Crime*, Heaven mend all.

I but Elkanah is criticising upon Dr. Oats his Commissions, and the Innumerable invisible Forreign Thousands all ready for Landing, upon the Kings Murder.

However as Chimerical as *Arnyes of Pilgrims* may appear, and the rest of the Popish Battalias design'd for the Protestant Destruction, the Remarker gives you an assurance, that all those Forreign Forces are plainly demonstrated from *Colemans Letters*. What else means this signal passage, "we have a mighty work upon our hands, the subduing of a pestilent Heresy which has domineerd over great part of the Northern world, a great while. There never was greater hopes of success, since the Death of Queen *Mary*, Till these our days. But the opposition we are like to meet with, is also like to be great, so that it imports us to get all the Ayde and Aflistance we can. Now can I find nothing so signal in this passage as so plainly to demonstrate the Popish forces, sworn into the Plot. I declare I have read over *Colemans* papers, attentively, and *Time* was if I could have found but the least hint of Popish *Russians*, Popish *Poysons*, Popish *Screwd Gans*, or Popish *Armies*, either from *Spain*, *France*, *Portugal*, *Messina*, or any other Popish Country, in all his papers, the World should have had it through both Ears. But since no such thing occurs in all his Letters, give the Devil his due the *Popedreaders* of the World I am afraid, are mistaken in that *Garaganus* of a *Conspirator Coleman*. If this passage in his Letters, to Father *Le Chese*, was for calling in of French *Armies*, how comes it we have no answer in all *Le Chese's* Letters to *Coleman* relateing to *Arms* and *Men*, or one proposition, how when or where his Master the King of *France* was to *Land them* If this Ayde and affiance was meant for *Armies*, and those to be Landed, upon the King's being kil'd, how happens it, there is not some relation too in the Letters to the Kings *Death*. These *Conspirators* wrote in *Cyphers* and *Characters*, and therefore I know no reason they had, but they might Treat upon that subject too upon occasion; especially when (if you 'l beleive the Popish Plot) they wrote so many hundred *Treasonable Letters* seen read and carryed by *Oats*, *Bedlow*, *Dugdale* &c. and so many of them in such downright plain *English* *Treason*. I, but say those sort of People that see thro *Milstones*; *T* is evident that *Coleman burnt all his Papers relating to the more Dangerous part of the Plot*; for example we find his *Correspondence* ending in the Year 76, and that of his two last Years 77 and 78 was never found to this d^ry, In that no doubt we should have had the 4 *Irish Cut throats*, *Wakemans Poyson*, *Connyers Dagger*, *Blundels Fireballs*, and all the *Mystery of Pilgrims and Black Bills* as apparently made out, as Demonstration and Record could manifest. Now what a sort of credulous *Latitudinarians*, can Fear, and *Jealousy* make men. Because the Papers found in *Colemans Closet* were not evidental enough to prove the Kings *Murder* and the *Protestants Massacre*, we must charge him with Crimes of which there is not the least *shadow* to convict him of. For I appeal to any man of common Sense, whether if *Coleman* had continued his Correspondence for the 2 following Years, and it were true, that upon the breaking out of the Plot he burnt those Letters relating to that Correspondence; how comes it upon his searching his Closet for some Papers he did not burn All. He must needs be sensible that those very Papers he left(to a Nation so Jealous of Popery as *England*,) were enough to *hang him*, and as certainly Life's dear, the same Preservation that had prompted him to burn the *one*, had infallibly instructed him to burn the *Other*. No; as 'tis plain he was *surpriz'd*, he had no time to secure any of his Papers, and the want of the two last Years Correspondence, is a more evident signe, that the Treaty was *broken off*, and that either the *subduing the Pestilent northern Heresy*, was given over as a Work impossible; or else that grand *Intriguer Coleman* had only dreind the French *Confessidours* and the rest of his Brethrens Pockets(for *Money Money* thro all his Letters is the great Burden of the long

song) and those wonderful Promises of converting of Nations and *subduing of Heresies*, were all but *Ayr and Rhodomontado*; till the poor *cullied* Bigots at last had found out the *Cheat*, and so ended the *Commerce*.

But before I could finish my Observations on the *Remarks* a new Whig Champion starts up with an other pamphlet calld *Reflections on Settles Narrative*. For that *new Book* sets them all upon the Ferment, and *Blood and Gall* in the angry Saints, let me tell you, *boyle high*. And therefore if Rogue, Rascal, Villain, Traytor, &c. fly at random, you must consider the Nature of the Beasts, and therefore excuse whatever *Grossness* you meet, for the *Sordidness* of their writings is so essential to their Constitutions, that they cannot possibly auoy'd it.

These two dead doing Adversaryes being much of an equal Prowess and their Arguments and Batteries much of the same strength, I shall not trouble my self to make two distinct Replyes to them, but give you my sence of their best, though weake Arguments promiscuously as Discourse or Occasion shall offer. This last Antagonist falls vehement foul too upon the Narrative for all the *Artificer*, *Incoherencies*, *Clashing of Evidence*, *Contradictions*, *Improbabilities*, and *Impossibilities* found in the Popish Plot, and in page 7th gives you this universal salvo for all the *Blunders* in the whole Discovery.

By Mr. Settles leave, Rome, in the several Attempts, it has made for the Perversion Reduction and Apostasy of great Brittain to the Popish Superstition and Power, having been still frustrated, notwithstanding its Designs were contrived with all the Art and skill that Humane Wit, and Devilish Policy could suggest, and therefore having incurred the just Resentment, and Indignation of all those who have in detestation all its abominable practices; I say, the Frequent Disappointments of their Projects may be reasonably supposed to have made them use the Precaution that in case they should aye prove Abortive, and their Machinations be detected, that they might nevertheless appear in such Lights as to seem improbable to the World, and that, then let the Issue be what it will, it must turn to their Advantage; since if the Plot had taken Effect, they had gain'd their main Point. But tho' discover'd, and disappointed, yet the pending Circumstances, and the Improbabilities of the means, as it might bring the Reality of it into question, so it might also the Truth of its former Conspiracies, how manifest soever. And they from thence have an occasion of retorting them as Contrivances of their Enemies, and by that means purge themselves of the Scandal and Odium which they had justly brought upon their Church by such unchristian-like, nay inhuman Undertakings.

Well; never was Nonsense more Nonsensically Defended. How far fetcht, and Sophistical is this feeble *Crutch* to help out the *Lameness* and *Inconsistencies* in the Plot. If the Reflecter had proved that the Plotters had amuzed their Agents such as *Bedlows Dugdale Oats* &c. with Interlarding *Shams* with *Truth* to invalidate and confound their Discoveries upon any Revolt from their cause, he had done something. But that's apparently false, for they never *Doubted* their *Truth*, for instead of having their great *April Consult*, Subscribed by so many several Mens Hands, convey'd from Chamber to Chamber by any of their Head Conspirators, the very *Underling Oats* has that great *Trust* imposed in *him*, and the Invincible Demonstration of the most monstrous Design against the Kings Life, exprestly in *plain English*, put into his Power. Besides all the Treasonable Papers daily Trusted in *Oats*, *Dugdale*, and *Bedlows* Hands, upon the least falsehood in the Messengers, had put them past all hopes of bringing the Reality of their *present* or *former* Guile and Treasons into Question. So that, (tho' truly I cannot make sense of what this huddle of words means,) if the Plot be true, *Rome* was so far from being guilty of so much *fore sight* as the Reflecter gives it, that *Precaution* is the least *Crime* it has to answer for.

Thus far we have their Confirmation of *Oats* his *Truth* and *Honor*, and the Reasonableness of the Plot in General; and now we shall give you their particular comments, on the Narrative, at least those that so much as look like *Reflections*, or *Arguments* against it.

The Reflecter very Heroically falls upon the First Line of the Narrative, *viz.*

Narrat. In the Year 78. it pleased those Powers that inspired them to raise up Mr. Oats, Bedlows, Dugdale, Prance, &c.

Which says the Reflecter, *I must own I do not understand. What does Mr. Settle mean? that it pleased those Powers that inspired those Powers?* That's Grammar indeed, but no sense; but there's neither Grammar nor sense in these words, as Mr. Settle has set them down.

You see Reader, what an Adversary Settle is like to encounter by this first Attaque he gives him. When a School-boy in the under Form at Westminster would tell him that [THEM] only relates to *Oats, Bedlow, Dugdale*; and to have made it that Non-sense the Reflecter intends it, viz. *those powers that inspired these powers*, it must have been *Those powers that inspired THEMSELVES*. Just such another remarkable correction he gives to *Elkanah's* false Grammar page 15, says *Elkanah*, *here the Reader is desired to take notice of the most matchless Example in Mr. Bedlow that ere HE met with*, to which replies the Reflecter instead of [THEY have met with] *if Mr. Settle will allow me to make it true Grammar for him.* Now unless a Fellow had studied to Print himself a Block-head, nothing besides *Stupidity* Incorrigible could have made [Reader] a plural Number. This egregious stumble in the very first step into the Narrative, and this strength of his *Syntax* is a little ominous, and he shews you what a *Grammian* he is, to let you expect what a *Cosmick* you'll find him too. And as he says he *understands* no better, tis very likely he tells you true, by the Cudgells he takes up; for indeed Men of *understanding* begin to quit the Whig Cause so fast, that *Grammar* and *Logick*, and indeed *Common sense* will go a great way amongst them.

But first for the Killing the King.

After the Reflecter has repeated the Narratives comical Description of Pickering's puissance in King Killing, he says, *Now I appeal to Mankind if they can find any thing of a jest in so sad and so serious a Theme, an Attempt the most execrable that was ever hatcht in Hell, the very thought whereof, tho suppose it but a FICTION, capable of creating a Terror and Trembling in the most unhumane Barbarians.* This is the first, and last time he is in the Right. Truly such a FICTION, the most execrable indeed that was ever hatcht in Hell, and the thought of so much Infernal Impudence and Diabolical *Persons* that must attend that FICTION on one side, and so much Innocent LOUD TONGUED Blood on the other side, is enough indeed to create a Terror and Trembling in Barbarians and Infidels.

But Settle tells you that the Loosells and Failure of Pickering's Gun in Oats his Narrative Was in January, as Whitebread sent word to St. Omers, but at Pickering's Tryal expressly in March, being aske.

Sir Ch. L. Do you know any thing of Pickering's doing Penance and for what?

Oats, Yes, my Lord, in the Month of March (for these Persons have followed the King several Years) but he at THAT TIME had not lookt to the Flint of his Pistol, but it was loose, and he durst not venture to give Fire, he had a fair opportunity and because he mist through his own negligence be underwent Penance, and had 20 strokes of Discipline. Upon this says Settle. Can any thing be more strange than that Whitebread should send the St. Omers Fathers in January a perfect Relation of a Crime not committed till the March following. Now (hereupon says the Reflecter) *I cannot for the heart of me see an Elliotism in this whole matter; for might not Pickering commit the Crime in January or before, and not suffer the pittance till March following: For the Question is only to the doing pittance, and the Answer is in March.*

Now observe the damnable Trecherous Eye-sight of a Whig, that always sees too little or too much. Oats swears that Pickering suffered pittance in March because he at THAT TIME had not lookt to the Flint of his Pistol; and yet the Reflecter spight of the heart of him cannot see but that very THAT TIME must be January two Months before.

Just such another fault spight of the heart of him cannot the Remarker forbear seeing too, says Settle. The Reader is humbly desired not to be puzzled to imagine how Pickering should present a Gun (between a Pistol and Carbine,) twice at the King, which one time for want of Prime, and another time (as Bedlow swears) by being charged with all Bullets and no Powder would not go off, and yet not be apprehended or so much as seen by any one of all the Kings Attendance; and that too

in so publick a place as St. James's Park, a place where there is not so much as a Bramble or Bryar, or any one Covert throughout it enough to shrowd a Pigmey, much less too Man-slayers, excepting the Ofiers within the Canal (but those are moated round, and therefore inaccessible.) To which the Remarker by a certain old Game call'd *cross purposes* makes answer. *The Devil's in Settle for putting shams upon the World. In the first place the Oath does not affirm that Pickering presented the Gun, but that finding the defect of the Flint he defer'd the Action till another time. Besides he forgets that there was a very thick Grove at the end of the Pell-mell where His Majesty might have made his unfortunate Approaches.* And the Reflecter upon the same passage wisely observes, *the Traitor might sculk behind one of these great Trees, between which, he might have used his Hat or Cloak or Twenty other things, for the hindring a Discovery.* But Settle with his Brambles and Bryars could not see Wood for Trees. That is to say, a Couple of fellows with each of them a Screw'd-Gun could shelter themselves in a Grove without one Branch of Underwood, where the Trees stand three or four yards asunder, and the largest of those Trees have publick walks all round them, in a place too where no Man is suffered to wander out of the common walk, but the very Centries shall call him back. Oh but they concealed their Guns behind their *Hats Cloaks* or Twenty other things. But surely when the Gun miscarried once for want of powder in the Barrel and another time in the Pan, Was the Gun under the Hat, or the Cloak; or were the Silver Bullets to go through Hat Cloak Trees and all?

But now for the Massacre. The Discoverers give you an account of Commissioners given out, an Army to be raised; and *Elkanah's* Narrative makes it apparent, that Army could consist of none but Papists, it being impossible as they had managed it, to have drawn in any other Malecontents into the Conspiracy. Well, and where's the wonder of all this says the Reflecter, *Is it not possible to list a Popish Army in a Protestant Country without being Discovered till they themselves think convenient, being Tongue-tyed, awed, and spirited by superstitious Oaths &c.* All this granted, how will the Reflecter reconcile that Concession of his p. 19th. in which he yeilds *that there were some of the Papists in the Old King's Reign*, (some Thousands he might have said) *that ventured their Lives Estates and Freedoms in the Royal Cause*; for in the most Barbarous Nations (continues he) *there are some Persons found who are JUST, UPRIGHT, HONEST and LOYAL.* Now if this Popish Army was listed in England, as the Discoverers Swear, the blow being ready for striking, I wonder how the Conspirators did to single out and list only those *Disloyal Papists* fit for their turn, and not unluckily communicate their intended Rebellion to so much as *one man* of those Thousands of *Just, Honest, Upright, and Loyal Men* of that Religion, that consequently with all those good Principles would not have forborn to have detected the Conspiracy. The Papists were not Gods, and 'tis not a little miraculous that as but *Men*, they should have that assurance of all the *Hands and Hearts* they trusted; as not to be mistaken even in *one* false Brother through a whole Army. Besides the Reflecter is very unlucky in this point, for as *Elkanah* affirms, and the Reflecter does not deny, that the Papists by computation are not the 150th. part of the Nation, and therefore in the Heretick Massacre one Man must have Kill'd near a *Brace of Hundreds* for his *share*, if as there are so many Loyal Men amongst the Party that would have stood *Neutral* at least, if not *resisted* them, the Reflecter has unfortunately put them to the push of each mans Killing at least *twice as many*, and the Possibility of all this, the Reflecter does not at all doubt, it being as feasible an Achievement as the *Knaves of Popeland* ere contrived, or the *Fools of Whigland* ere believ'd. Nay to make the Motions of the Jesuits a little more wondrous, Bedlow Swears before the House of Lords, *that the Papists had an Army of Forty Thousand strong all ready to rise in London at 24 hours warning, besides those that should have been posted at every Ale-house Door to have Kill'd the Soldiers as they come out of their Quarters, and Lord Petre and Powis were to have Marcht with another English Army through Pembroke-shire*: and yet as the Devil and ill luck would have it, 'tis undeniably manifest that all the Papists in *England* are so far from forming so many terrible Armies, that they are not 40000 in all, Men, Women and Children through

the whole Kingdom. Yet all this we are obliged to believe as true as the Evangelists, and he that dares deny it, flies in the face of Kings, Lords and Commons, and arraigns the whole Justice of the Nation. Besides, to eternize the Memory of this glorious Preserver of the Nation, tho' tis notoriously known he died *Raving*, yet the true blue Bristol Protestants could honour him with no less an Inscription on his Herse, than

Testimonium quod vivens exhibuit, moriens constanter confirmavit.

But now to leave Mr. Bedlows Armies, and take a view of *Dugdales Plot-Forces*; the best *jest* we have in all the Reflections, (for 'tis all but *Farce*) we meet in the 11th. Page. Settle gives an account how preposterous, nay how impossible an undertaking 'twas for the Papists to have laid the Kings Murder upon the Presbyterians, (as *Dugdale Swears*) and to have engaged the Episcopal party in the Massacre, upon the issue of *Pickering's Gun*, the said *Pickering* being too shallow a Headpiece for so great a Masterpiece of Cheat and Villany, as to lay it on the Dissenters, and too known a Popish Face to pass for a Presbyterian. To this the Reflecter answers (for there is nothing so Chimerical, but he finds an expedient for) *Seeing the Papists were ever hovering about the Kings Person; upon the Blow given, might not they out of a pretended officious Zeal fall upon the Assassinate, mangle him in such a manner as to render him altogether unknown again, for the person he was, and then lay it at whose door they pleas'd, either by real or forged words (forged words I understand not) that execrable Murder, and upon this the Church of England-Men out of a just Resentment and Indignation for the loss of their All in so Divinely good a Prince, are reasonably to be supposed would revenge it with all the Heat, and all the vigour imaginable.*

Now one would think, we had had Popish Plots enough in all conscience; but this subtle Reflecter has wonderfully detected one Popish Plot more, and Heaven knows an *Heroical one*, being no less than a Plot of the great and mighty Popish Nobles, against the poor *ticke* Popish *Pickering*. Lord! what will not Popery do, and Reflections find out? But dear Mr. Little Plot, what if the Protestant Nobility about the King, which I fancy are always much stronger than his Popish Courtiers, had stopt these Lordly Popish Hands from Carbonading the poor *desperado*, and preserved him for a Gibbet, and if they could not have stopt in time enough to have prevented a Popish stab, yet at least have snatch'd his Carcase from those bloody Popish *Mince-meat-makers*, and kept his Physnomy unmangled to have discovered the Assassinate; in what a condition had this Reflecter's great and *Lordly Plot* been in, and Mr. *Dugdale's Presbyterian Sham-Murder*.

Nevertheless (says the Reflecter page 12th) *Let Mr. Settle not think to render the matter Improbable by hinting the Majority of the Protestants throughout the Kingdom, (though a 150 to one odds, and a great part even of that uery infinite minority of Papists just Upright Honest and Loyal Men) to surpass by much the Papists seeing the latter meant to decoy the Church of England Men into the fact, which though they should not have effected, yet so unexpected a Surprize upon People unprepared, and at Dissent and Distrust amongst themselves, by Persons MARTIALIZ'D and used to Arms, as is well known the Papists had been, and who for a long whil before had been making all things ready for the well Managing of their undertakings, they might well enough promise themselves Success, each not needing to be an Almanzor or a Mars, or have the strength and Soul of a Hercules.*

Now hang me if I can find out how 'tis well known the Papists have been *Martializ'd & U'st to Arms* more then the rest of their Country-men. I'm Sensible, Heaven be prais'd, they have had no Opportunity, nor occasion to improve their Martial Skill since the Kings Return, and if it consists in their former Experience, to our Nations Eternal shame, we had too many Protestants, (such as they were) that had as much Martial Learning at that time, though in a worse cause, then the Papists. But, alas, the Reflecter's meaning is, that they have practised Martial Discipline of a latter day, & in order to this great Work in hand, like the 25000 *Messina* Soldiers have had their *Rendezvous* INVISIBLE. The Reflecter we consider, writes to the

the Rabble, where nothing so *monstrous* or *Impossible* but must pass currant. How long was the *Mobile* possess, (nor are they yet undeceived) that the Papists had their places UNDERG ROUND to Discipline whole *Bodys* of Men. Nor shall ye beat it out of the Heads of Ten Thousand English Foot to this day, but that Mr. *Choqueux's* innocent Squibs, and Rocket cases, desiged for his Master *Prince Ruperts* Diversitement, were Fireballs, and Cartrages and other Romish Ammunition belonging to the great Devil the Plot.

But all this while the Remarker and Reflecter never take care to answer that part of the Narrative that demonstrates the Protestants Throats were to have been cut by *Spanish* Armies, another while by *French* Armies, one time by *English* Armies, and another by NO ARMIES at all. - One while the Protestants Throats were to have been ALL cut, another while but *Half*; one while the *Episcopals* were to joyn in the Massacre w^t the *Papists* to Murder the *Fanaticks*, and another while the *Fanaticks* were to joyn with the *Papists* to Kill the *Episcopals*: and all these *irreconcileable contradictions* expressly sworn to be the *matter and substance* of the *Conspirator's*. 'Tis true the Remarker, page 13. makes a *feeble Essay* to adjust the different *Tales* from the *Bewblwers* *jarring* *Testimonies*, and tells you, *Would we have had all the several Gangs and Clubs of plotters have jump'd in one and the same Sense and Opinion?* where *several* *Sir POLITICK WOODBEE'S* *shai* *be putting their Oars in the Boat* where they are concern'd; one will be proposing this, and tother that, and many a *Fools Bolt* will be shot, and this discourse, though never so simple is *Treason*, and fit to be known by way of *circumstance*.

And is the great and wonderful Popish Conspiracy, so dreadful as to require a two and forty days raising the whole *Militia of England*, come at last to an alarm but of so many *Politick Woodbees*? Is the *Jesuits* *Treason* of a hundred years hatching, and at last in the fatal 78. run up into *Consults*, *Resolves*, and *FINAL DECREES*, dwindled into a *Fools Bolt*? Are their terrible Commissions Sealed by *Johannes Paulus d'Olva*, and his Substitute *Whitebread*, with the whole Proceeds of the Royal Conspirators the *French* and *Spanish* King's joyning in the confederacy; nay the very actual Landing of 23000. *Messina Soldiers at Carlingford Haven*, such notorious matter of Fact, but meer *Title Tattle*? Were the great and damnable Popish *Generals* immured in *Tower Walls* for this? Now certainly what higher affront could this Impudent Remarker put upon the whole *NEMINE CONTRADICENTE* of our late *Parliaments*, when by insinuating that the *Results* of so many Popish Com. suits for the Subversion of our *Religion*, *Lives*, and *Liberies*, and the engagement of such Princes and Potentates against us, was only a *simple discourse* of so many *Politick Woodbees*, and consequently the many *Sacred and Anful Committees of Secrecy* in all their indefatigable *Plot-mauling* sat to long a Brooding only over a *Nift Eg* that was *ADDLE*.

But now whereas *Elkanah the Impertinent Plot-trasher*, as the Remaker calls him, has proved the work was to have been done by no Armies at all: The generous complaisant Remarker makes answer, *Why truly had he had anything else in the World to do, he might have spared himself the labour, for so long as it was to be done, the cheaper they did it, the less it would have cost 'em*; smartly replied, I protest, and an Inference so *ingenious* as deserves *Sugar-plumbs*. Besides, what a pretty Turn of State is here made, Popery was to pop into the Throne, like the Kings of *Brentford* out of the *CLCUDS*, without either *Noise* or *Tumult*, and a *Pox* of all these unnecessary Tools calld Armies to introduce it. In my opinion these two *Scriblers* are a Brace of such dull Rogues, and manage their Cause so *Impertinently*, that the very answering of the *Impertinents*, is enough to uauseate any Man of sense, if but to think what *Dirt* and *Rubbish* he has to deal with.

However the Remarker wheels about again, and to convince you there were Armies in the case, says, *That Ireland one of the Executed Jesuits, was of opinion that there was no way to bring the business about, but by a considerable Force, which he mustered up to fifty thousand, affirming a less number would not suffice. Neither did Langhorne absolutely deny at his Trial the having of Commissions, only he denied them to be seen upon his *desk*.* Was ever so much Impudence not to be matcht even in *Embe* *Commins*, to obtrude that *Confession of Commissions and Armies upon those*

very men, that to the last gasp attested their *Innocence*, even to the renouncing of *God and Heaven*, if they were *Guilty*, and that too with a full and perfect Abjuration of all *Dispensations or Equivocations* whatever. But truly, continues the Remarker, he will not dispute the *Cause* any farther with E. Settle, for perhaps he might know more of the *Plot* than they that were hang'd for't. Not more my sweet friend, but possibly as much; and never the worse Man for't, it being a knowledge, I assure you, that would neither burden his *Head* nor his *Heart*.

From this we come to the *Plot in Ireland*.

Here the Remarker makes short work, and indeed as much as the *Cause* would bear, and tells you, He'll say no more to't, but that if the King of Spain was a *Blockhead* in it, and the King of France a *Lunatick*, as the *Irish Plot* makes them, they ought to come to E. Settle to learn *Politicks*. And for his part because Settles *Romanick Objections* did pend upon *Plunkets Trial*, upon which he was condemn'd, he shall not trouble himself to make any further defence for *Courts of Judicature*. 'Tis true, the Reflector is a little more *Prolix* upon this business, but so abominably *lew'd* is the ignorance or *impudence* of this *nameless Wretch*, that he doubts not but the *Spanish King* had 30 thousand *Pilgrims* ready *Mustered*, and to be *Landed* at *Brad-Ayton Bay*, and Ten thousand *Flandrians* at *Hull*, tho' when he wanted *Hands* to save his own *Kingdoms*, and another *Army* to *joyn* with the *French King*, tho' to shake his most mortal *Enemy King of Ireland*; nay, tho' not one of these *Martial Pilgrims* were ever seen in the *World* from that day to this; yet all these *Armies* were rais'd, and this stupendious *Alliance of France and Spain* was undeniable *truth*, and why, as he says, because the *Spanish King* is *Priest-ridden*, and the *Jesuits rule his Ascendant*; There he has hit it. *Popery, Plot and Jesuits* can do every thing; Incorporate even *Fire and Water*, and make *confederacies* between the greatest and most implacable of *Enemies*; nay, it can *unman* *Kings*, and make the *Wise* and *Politick French King* be for bringing a *Royal Navy* into that very Port of *Ireland* where a *Fisherboat* can scarce live, and *Maugre* that foolish *obstacle* call'd *impaffability*; neither the *King of France* can forbear attempting all this, nor the Reflector believing it.

Nay the most *Hillish, hideous Masterpiece* of all Dr. *Oats* his *Discovery*, his *Information* to the *Parliament*, that the *French had already landed a great Army of 25000. Messina Soldiers in Ireland*, goes as inostensively down with the Reflector, as the least puny exploit in the whole *Plot*. Nay to outdo the Doctor a *Bow-shoot*, the Doctor only brings them on, but let the Devil bring them off again; but the Reflector both *lands* and *unlands* them *INVISIBLE*. For page 14 he says, *why might not their designs be disappointed upon the discovery of the Plots, and they RETIRE again, or forbear acting till better strengthen'd and prepared for bringing their Designs about?* That is, why may not a *Body* of no less than 25000. men *Land* in a *foreign Kingdom*, and *come, go, or stay* from that day to this, without so much as one *Mother's Son of 25000* being seen by *Human Eye*. Heaven! what a *GORG* has the Reflector to *swallow* such unprecedented *PLOT-ROMANCE*, or what *Impudence* to vindicate such *Execrable FORGERY*?

Quanta est ficti Constantia Vultus.

The next thing we come to is Sir *Edmundbury Godfreys Murder*, and there the Reflector to vindicate Mr. *Bedlows* wonderful *Refusal* of 4000*l.* to be one of the six to *Murder* Sir *Edmund*, and afterwards 2000*l.* to be one with them to carry off the *Body*, Makes answer that *such is the generosity of some mens tempers, how meanly forever born, that they cannot be bribed nor wrought into an ill thing.* [So generous a man was *Bedlow*, and so averse to any thing that's ill, that only the greatest part of his *Life* was spent in *Horsestealing, Cheating and Pocketpicking*,] or rather the *providence of God who had otherwise ordain'd, might make him make use of the Proposal of that very all to create a reluctance in him, and to work him to a Discovery of that and the rest.* This last point indeed is unanswerable: but possibly, upon a *review*, His *Discovery*, to give *Providence* no trouble in it, might come a shorter *Journy* than from *Heaven*, only from the *Prince of the Air* by the way.

But *Elkanah* is a little Sarcitical on the strange and different account of the whole continued contradiction in *Bedlows* and *Prance's* Testimony, Sir *Edmund* by *Bedlows* Evidence being stipted with a *Pillow* in a lower Room of the great Court in Somerset-house, between four and five in the Afternoon, and the Murderers *Walsh* *Lephaire* my *Lord Bellasis* 2 Gentlemen &c. but by *Prance* Evidence, he was strangled with a twisted Handkerchief at 9 at Night, by the Stabbs in the outward Court of Somerset-houle, by *Green*, *Girald*, *Hill*, *Kelly*, *Berry* and *Prance*, &c. To reconcile with contradiction, the Reflector tells you page 166. that *Miles Prance* owns to have been present, and to have had a hand in that Murder; Mr. *Bedlow* knows it only by a Relation, and by a Relation of a thing which he had already refus'd to have a hand in, and at a time he was so much suspected by that Party, as that they made him take the Sacrament twice a day for fear he should reveal. Now he being a suspected Person, and knowing the Murder to have been committed by Papists, they varyed in their Account of his Death from the Truth, to baulk his Evidence in case he should fail them.

Now observe how *Bedlow* only swears to a Relation. In his Testimony before the House of Lords he swears, that *Walsh* and *Lephaire* two Jesuits proffer'd him 4000*l.* to be one of the 4 or 6 that were to Kill Sir *Edmond-bury Godfrey*, and that upon his taking the Sacrament to do it, he should have the Money before hand paid, where or to whom to himself or what Friend he thought fit: Thus far Mr. *Bedlow* I hope was not suspected by them, neither was this only a Relation, for he had the proffer of present payment; and of a swinging sum too; Besides supposing that the concern of *Walsh* *Lephaire*, and his Cut-throats was only a Sham, and that no such Persons were concern'd in the Murder, put the Supposition that *Bedlow* had accepted the Money and Sacrament, as tis suspitious he did not, how must *Walsh* and *Lephaire* have excused this Sham? must they have cryed *peccavi*, and laid Sir, we beg your pardon, we are concern'd in no such Murder, and tho we have given you the Sacrament and 4000*l.* to no purpose in the World, we have no service to desire of you for it, 'tis an inconsiderable trifling sum, and it burns in our Pockets, and therefore much good may do you with it. Also that very Night that Sir *Edmund* was carried out from Somerset-houle, *Bedlow* swears, that at the hour of 9 he was shewed the Body, at which were present *Walsh*, *Lephaire*, my *Lord Bellasis* Gentleman, Mr. *Atkins*, Mr. *Pepys* Clerk and one *Irish* Man more: here was he offer'd half the 4000*l.* to be one with these very numerical Men to help to carry off the Body, and this but two hours before it was carried forth. And yet these very Men it seems were none of the Persons engaged, and upon *Bedlow* acceptance of the two Thousand pound; they must have still excused themselves by saying, Sir we have told you a notorious Lye, the Body is to be conveyed out by a pack of Mr. *Prance's* Friends, to whom we are wholly strangers, and altogether unconcern'd with. Nay and to make out the Oddness of this wondrous matter of Fact sworn by *Bedlow*, we have Mr. *Prance's* crew of Cut-throats Sir *Edmonds* REAL Murderers; and those Cut-throats are expressly sworn by him to have had the keeping of the Dead Body all along, and to have carryed it up and down from Room to Room, upon every Shadow of danger. Nay their fears and terror was so great, that on Wednesday night being removing the Body back to the first Room it lay in, Mr. *Prance* happening to come upon them at that instant they all ran away, and left the Body in the Entry, till he call'd to them and made them come back again &c. And yet but two hours before they carryed out the Body, 'twas left in a Room, exposed to the view of *Bedlow*, *Lephaire* and the rest of his Brethren to the number of half a dozen Men all strangers to *Prance*, with neither *Prance* nor one of his Comerades upon the Spot tho all so apprehensive of a discovery.

But next, says the Reflector, Let us see Mr. Settles most remarkable Observation, viz. That few or none of those numerous Letters and Packets, seen, read, carried and intercepted by the several Discoverers should be couch'd in Ciphers, seeing they contain'd no less than all the proposals for Regicides, Massacres, Assassinations, and all the rest of their Villanies whatsoever. Now might not all those Letters, (says the Reflector) that had no Cipher be conveyed by such hands and means as they might rely on for the safety of the Delivery, and be couch'd in such Terms, tho

not in Cipher, as to seem to an unpreposess'd Reader to contain nothing but indifferent matters, tho' they were stuff'd up with rank Treason?

Now nothing but Impudence unparalleled would pretend to answer a Book at this rate; Does not the Narrative in that very place prove all Dugdale's Letters received by him tho' directed all to other men, to be all conveyed by the Common Post, and that there was so far from any Caution used in the conveyance, that he swears he broke them all open, to above a hundred in number, and those that he could not bis-safely seal again, he threw by, and never delivered, and all without the least Outcry or Uproar from the Discoverers at the miscarriage, though for the loss of Treason in Grain. Nay were not the contents of those Letters of such a Treasonable nature, that Dugdale at Corkers Trial, swears he received a Letter with [KILLING THE KING] in express words in it.

Just such another Reply the Reflector makes to the Narratives other as remarkable Observations, viz. why Coleman should spend so much labour and waste paper in Ciphers and Characters, and Foreign Correspondence, sometimes pushing on a TOLERATION, and otherwhile labouring for *Prorogations* and *Dissolutions* of Parliament, upon their every least motion, in disfavour of the Roman Catholicks, if at the same time they had that waster Machine a working, that would have Crown'd their utmost wishes without it, when upon killing the King, and murdering the Protestants, they had not only dissolved the Parliament, but likewise involved the Members in the Common Ruin, and by the Entry of Popery by the Sword they had put an end to the very Being and Constitution of Parliaments. To which answers the Reflector, *Well, might not these Prorogations and Toleration Projects be managed in the interim, in case any Obstacle should happen to the putting their main Plot in Execution.* Does it not appear throughout the whole course of the Conspiracy, that the Jesuits would leave no stone unturn'd for the bringing about their ends, and play at small games rather than stand out. A small game indeed, and the dullest Gamesters in Christendom; for had the Papists intended such an *Universal Massacre*; in my Judgment nothing so convenient for their purpose, as to have done it in the very *Sitting* of a Parliament. How much more easie had it been out of M. Bedlows three English Armies, to have planted some few Popish Champions at the Parliament house Door, or the Parliament mens Lodgings, to have killed Them too as well as the Soldiers as they came out; then to begin a Massacre in a Prorogation time, when so many great Men as those of the two Houses, dispersed most of them in their Country Seats, had had the opportunity to Arm both themselves and Tenants, and encourage all those numerous Hands that would immediately have laid down their Lives and Fortunes in such a Cause, and under such Leaders, especially to make head against so hated a Party as the Papists, and that to a after no less than the Murder of the KING, and the approach of their own threatened *Destitution*. Well! but Pakington and Coleman did not confer notes, and his Gun with Bullets or no Bullets; Powder or no Powder, might have kill'd the King, and not one scurrilous of this convenience thought on.

And then for Mr. Oats not seizing any of those Letters, Pacquets, Memorials, *Traps*, and *Commisions* that might have corroborated his Discovery; the Reflector answers, *As some he had only the sight of, so it would be madness to think he would take 'em away by force; as to those others he carried, he does not say but that he was accompanied by some of the Conspiracy, or if he was not, so manifest a proof of his Treachery, if one may call it so, to his party, wold cut off all means of his diving farther into their Resolutions; and yet might be of little use, since perhaps he could not have PROVED THE HANDS.* And as for that courage of Mr. Oats which our Narrative Hero is pleas'd so to Droll upon, it shows that Mr. Oats whole care was even AFTER the Discovery not to give the *Jesuits* the last cause to suspect his being fallen off, that so by a fair appearance he might insinuate and grow so well acquainted with the Results of all their debates, ev'n concerning the Discovery, as to reveal and prevent any HASTY and FATAL Resolutions, they might have taken th: repon, &c.

Was ever such a *Blind Excuse* found out for so damnable a piece of VILAINY in the Doctor, viz. That the Doctor should discover the Plot to the King on the 13th of August, and upon the Kings disbelief of it, return to the Jesuits to

trap an and betray 'em; and yet not so much as surprize one Treasonable consult after it, nor seize one Paper of theirs, amongst so many trusted in his hands, (and why? in the name of Dulness, possibly he could not have proved their hands.) And that too not only for so eminent a service to the King, and three Protestant Kingdoms; but likewise for his own *Interest* and *Glory*: when so plain a proof of the Popish Plot, had for ever gain'd him the univerſal love of a whole Protestant Kingdom, and consequently all the *encouragement* that he could *wish* or *ask*. Whereas on the contrary, the *lameſſes* of his Narrative, and the *inconsistency* of all his *Evidence*, has markt him like *CAIN*, and to all impartial men of ſenſe, has given him the brand both of *Cain's GUILT*, and *Cain's INFAMY*. Oh! but he ſtaid for diving FARTHER into the Papists Resolutions says the *Reſelections*. Now what FARTHER treasonable Resolutions the Papists could have after killing the King, and cutting all the Protestants Throats, and ſetting up Popery as *already design'd*, I profess I cannot comprehend; unless they had had a mind to have uſed the King as unmercifully as they did Sir *Edmundbury Godfrey*, and have kill'd him twice over, ſtifled him with a *Pillow* at the *Banquetinghouse*, and strangled him with a *twisted Handkerchief* at the *Stone-Gallery*.

Well, but Mr. *Oats* his courage in truſting himſelf to come alone to *Whitebreads Chamber*, after the receiving three blows with a *Cane* from him, and a *Box* on the *Ear* for his *Discovery*, and Dr. *Tongue* his *Confederate* no leſs than being threatned to be murder'd, might be *to prevent the Papists hasty and fatal resolutions taken thereupon*. Nothing more likely sweet Mr. *Impertinence*: but for a taste of Dr. *Oats* his prevention of the Papists *fatal Resolutions*, I'll refer the Reader but to the LXVI. Paragraph in his *Narrative*.

Item, That on the 22th of August, Money was ſent from the Society by a Servant of theirs to ſupply the Expences of the four Irish Ruffians above-mentioned, who were gotten to Winsor on the 21st at Night, and the ſum ſo ſent was Eighty pound, which the Deponent ſaw told, and they were bidden not to be frequent in one another's Company, and always ſo profefs but ſmall acquaintance one with the other, &c.

Now mark the *UNEXAMPLED VILLANY* of the *SAVIOUR OF THE NATION* he had discover'd the Plot (as his Preface tells you) on the 13th. of *August*, for the *Preservation* of the King and the Protestant Religion, and yet after that *very day*, after his *Return* and *Conversion*, from *Treafon and Plots to Honesty and Loyalty*, He is privy to four Bravoes, Men of Quality and Resolution, being from the 21st of *August* to the 7th of *September* at *Winsor*, upon no leſs an *expedition* than *cutting the Kings Throat*, without giving the King the leaſt *notice* or *hint* of his *Danger*. Well, let the *Remarker* and the *Reſelection* fall down and *Worſhip* our *Salamanca Deliverer*; for hang me if I can. And tho ſome Fools in the World are pleased to miſtake him for a King-saving *Mordecas*; I profess I think the *Character* of a *Haman* and his preſerment too would much better ſuit him.

These plain and simple Explanations of the Author's meaning, and his
method of handling his Subject, will be of great service to the Reader, in
discovering the true meaning of the Author's Writings, and in
enabling him to judge of the Justice of his Accusations.

I am afraid, Reader, I have already tired you with a Subject I my self am weary of, a Reply to two such ridiculous Adversaries, being a Quarrel not worth engaging in, but only that the Whigs, right or wrong, are those *Opiniated Fools* both of their *Scribblers* and their *Cause*, that to have kept silent had been giving them an occasion of *Triumph*: and the necessity of allaying that Vanity has given you this trouble. Thus far I have shewed you the extent of their *little Reason*, and now I care not if I give you the *Latitude* of their *larger CONSCIENCES*. Amongst the numerous repeated Rascals and Traitors they call me, the Reflector more particularly in (page the 1st) tells you that in my Epistle, *I have shew'd my self the greatest Villain that perhaps has been upon the face of the Earth, in that spirit and revenge, and those accumulated wrongs against a Prince of such Honor and Virtue*. But (page 2d) he proceeds, and says, *when I wrote the Popish Character, did not that sad Juncture threaten the Nation with a direful Revolution, and what I now mask under my private Resentments and Revenge, was it not making my Court to a party whom I consider'd as the Money'd part of the Nation, and ready inclined to reward and succor all those who had sufficiency and probity.. But now that the TIDE is turned, that all the Efforts of ZEALOUS PATRIOTS for settling the Peace, and procuring the HAPPINES of their Country have been diverted, and that an Inundation of TORME seems to threaten the whole Land; is it not to be suspected that my Recantation and Repentance are only to save my Bacon, &c. And again, page 4. When WHIGGISM and PROTESTANTISM began to be a barren soil than Pernassus, when all Evidence and proceedings against Popery began to be discredited, and the Papists began to appear again in such shoals, that the crafty Trimmers of the party thought it prudence no longer to oppose the Torress, than Sir Politick Elkanah thou be fit to wheel about.*

Here do but mark the *Clever-foot* of my Accuser, and see how impudently Vice corrects Sin; For I desire but any honest unprejudiced Reader to scan but these Lines, and find if they bear any other sense, then that the very King is here maliciously and venomously accused for *dividing* the settlement of his Kingdoms *peace* and *happiness*, and that by his Conduct of late years he has *obstructed* that *Zeal*, and those *very Patriots* that were labouring to establish them, and downright *encouraged* and *promoted* that *INUNDATION* that no less than *THREATENS* the *Land*. And now as I am so over and over accused for ridiculing the Justice of the Nation, how much more visibly does this impudent Scribler arraign both Judge and Jurors, and by the *Evidence against Popery* being so discredited insinuate that *Wuk man, Corker, Kerney*, and the rest acquitted by Law, had not *Justice*; and that the *Testimonies* of their Accusers, though made up of nothing but *malice, scandal, Combination and Treachery*, was *Oracle and Gospel*. Nay, he strikes at the very *Government* it self, and by the *Barrenness of the Protestant Soil, and the Shoals and Torrens of Papists*, would make the world believe that the Church of *England* is *undermining*, and *Rome* a *setting up*. Now what this nameless fellow is, that dares write this, I know not, but the Soul of a *Ferguson* could have said no more. And if a Man would learn who this Scribler is, 'tis ten^{to}one the unknown Authors name may never come to light, 'till we see it in a *Proclamation*.

And now to shew you that these two Authors, like the unclean Beasts in the Ark, go paird, they are as well matcht in their principles as *Satan* could wish.

For instance, the Remarker (page the 6th.) tells you, *That I was the Author of that damnable Lampoon call'd a Game at Cards, presented inconsiderately by Joshua Bows to Mr. Duboys, which brought him to the Pillory and Banishment: and no doubt 'twas the hard Fate of my Friend that frighted me into my Conversion.*

And yet this very Remarker with all the Bitternes and Gall that *Rage* and *Malice* can infuse, brands and stigmatizes my begging of pardon for all my faults whatever, with no milder terms than a *villanous Rascally Recantation, a Recantation*

on in the Devil's name, &c. And what's all this, put it together, (supposing me the Author of that Damnable Libel,) but that I am a *Villain*, a *Rascal*, a *Devil* for repeating and Recanting even from Crimes of so black a Dye, from those very Lyes and Libels, the *dispersing* but of which *Imprisoned*, *Fined*, *Pilloryed* and *Transported* the very publisher, (much more the *Author* deserved.) Good Heaven! How Black a Sin is Repentance in a true Blue Protestant: and how heavy a Guilt is such a Recantation in the scales of a Remarker's Conscience?

But having started that unfortunate Fellow *Bows* his *Cafe*; I care not if I give the World the *odd* but *true* story of his hard Fortune. The Man in the first place, was one of the most vehement Whiggs in his little capacity that perhaps was in *England*, and as little for *Succession* or *Gospel* in the *Right Line*, as the Brotherhood could desire him; nay has as often and as devoutly paid his *Orisons* and *Adorations* *SO-HO-Wards*, as any Man I know: Insomuch that whatever his sufferings have been in their Cause, maugre his particular Retemments against Mr. *Dubois*, the whole party are still his *Demi-gods*, (unless the *NEW-MARKET EXPEDITION* when it shall reach his ears may convert him.) This poor Man having Poetry enough to reach to a *Sonnet*, or an *Epithalamium*, and being likewise possibly one of the best Scribes in the Kingdom, in Gold, Silver, Vermillion Letters, with Flowers, Birds, Beasts, and other ornamental flourishes of the Pen, fit to please Women; he got his Bread by presenting Ladies and Persons of Quality with gay Copies of Verses in this kind. But one time above the rest, (as he did not always traffick in his own Manufacture) it happened he pickt up a Whiggish Lampoon, a little too rank as it fell out, of which possibly twenty Copies had been dispers'd without noise or danger at *Peters* and *Dicks*, and that quarter of the Town. These (as thinking them acceptable) he sent to the worthy Mr. *Dubois*, and a day or two after, went to ask if he had received them, in hopes of a gratuity of five or ten shillings for them. But instead of that, he was immediately seiz'd for a *Jesuit*. A new *Meal-tub* Plot was discover'd; Treasonable *POPISH* Papers were sham'd into Mr. *Dubois* his *Hand*, some say into his *Sleeve*, and others into his *Pocket*; and all (God wot) to *betray* him, and bring him into a *Plot*. Besides a Copy or two of his own *harmles Rhimes*, beautified with the foremention'd Ornaments, and the Verses Damnd unfortunately writ in *Red Ink*, design'd for some City present, were found about him: and those were no sooner spied, but all was confirm'd: The Conspiracy was made as *apparent* as the *Sun*: He was an *Emissary* from the *POPE*, that is *plain*, for he had Papers found writ in *BLOOD*, and *Contracts* with the *DEVIL*. This Alarum ran through the City immediately; Captain *Toms* Plot for *Burning* of *Rumps* and *Lifting* of *Apprentices* was not half so *FORMIDABLE*.

The poor Man used his utmost Endeavor to pacify and convince his Accuser both of his *Innocence* and his *Principles*: but *Faith* was *strong*, and *Dudgeon* was *high*, and *All* would not do. The Papers were *Popish*, the *Messenger Popish*; the *Delivery Popish*, and *Plot Plot*, nothing but *Plot* at the bottom of it; whilst *Truth* and *Serie* were either not *understood* or not *believed*. And tho he made a shift to get off at present by *Bail*, yet he was retaken again, stood thrice in the *Pillory*, and thought his Papers deserved all this, and worse; yet see the Oddness of the Thing; to one half of the City he was himself *wiz.* a *rank Whig*; to the other, a notorious *Priest* and *Jesuit*: in one place his Papers were *Fanatick* in another *Popish*; insomuch that he came to his Wooden Casement *unpityed* by *All Men*, and stood the *Battery* of *Rotten Eggs*; and other Flying Artillery even from *All Hands*. Nay, the *Delivery* of his *Lampoons* came with such a *Plot Thunder-clap* upon the *Brethren*, that it has *added* their understandings ever since; and the *rumbling* of it is not out of their Heads yet. But alas, *Popery* and *Jesuites* do all things; and poor little *Jesuusab* by the true blew *Protestant* *Opticks*, like a *Flea* in a *Magnifying-glass*, was instantly transform'd into that *Huge, Black Popish Devil*, as nothing more terrible: Nay, had this busines happened in 79. I fancy the *Lobby*, and *all* the great *Buildings* round it, would have been scarce able to have held it.

But to return from this Digression, nothing gives my Antagonists so great a Disgust, as that my *old-rsgate-street* Patron should make some correction in the Character of a Popish Successor, and for amendment bid the Author speak more favorably of Rebellion, to which says the Reflector, how can Mr. Settle think to impose, and make the World believe that ever the Patron he mentions should make such a blunder in Politicks as to send this Worshipful Author a Message of that Nature, and that too to a Poet and a professed one, People not much admired in this Age for Contineny, or Fidelity, &c.

That this very Patron did make this Correction, and in these very Words, the Friend I intrusted to carry it to him is ready to *Attest*, (tho indeed he did not then know the Author, for that I conceal'd till the Book was publisht) and upon that very Correction of his, I alter'd the latter end of the Character and wrote all those Paragraphs in it, against PASSIVE OBEDIENCE and in Justification of *taking up Arms* against a Popish Successor, which when I had finisht I sent him the Copy again, and he approved of the Amendments. I know not why the Adorers of that great Man should so extravagantly *Desyfe* him, as to make him guilty of no one humane failing, not one *Lapsus Lingua* in so many Years of Gall and Bitternes. Surely one bold Word or two, might now and then drop from so bold a Patriot, and so angry a state Pilot. I remember a good Friend of mine, Mr. Coke Barrister, the Translator of *Magna Charta*, told me that once upon discourse between him and the Right Honorable Anthony Earl of Shaftesbury, he asked the said Noble Peer, why he advised the King to shut up the Exchequer, to which the Worthy Earl made Answer to make him *Odious to his People*. So that as I said before, a bold Word has now and then fallen from the Lips of that true Protestant Oracle. Now, I hope my good Friend Mr. Coke has so much Honor and Honesty as not to deny his own words: But if he wronged the Honorable Lord in this story of him, it behoves him to do Justice to his Memory, and publickly own his Repentance for so black an Aspersion against so great a Personage. I, but I am a very Impudent Fellow says the Remarker, for saying in my Preface that the Plot writ the Association, for (continues he) if I mean the pretended Association 'twas a *Bastard* ~~do.~~ *Faith*, I'll not say much to that, but if 'twas a Bastard 'twas so much the nearer of Complexion to the great Son of Thunder that was to head it. But says the Reflector, *Settle* tells us in his Preface, that he now dares lo k Sense and Quality in the Face, intimating at the same time that it is what the Whigs dare not: whereas 'tis well known, there be those who are call'd Whigs, who dare no se both Sense and Quality, and desyfe the Courage as well as the Arts and Machinations of their Enemies. Now if this Fellow would make his words true, he might do himself and the Nation no small kindness, nay, instead of their nosing of Quality, could he make them but Face *Day-light*, that WHIGGISM and TREASON might receive their Reward, and the *Ungratefullness* of Subjects and most *Unnatural* of Sons, the late Head of a most Infamous Band of *Ravillers* might be expos'd to the *Abherring* World, and show the *Misled* and *De-lud* d Rabble what IDOL 'tis they have so long Adored.

There two Infipid Animals, after the greatest Efforts against my Narrative, that two such Champions in such a Cause could make, being con cious no doubt of the weak Barteris they have rais'd against it, have endeavored to help out their *flingless* Remarks and Reflections, by blasting my Reputation by the most *Audacious Abominable* Lyes, that ever the Devil the Father of Lyes could have forged. An Instance of which we have in the 6th page of the Remarks as follows.

This is not the first Retantation that Settle has made sometimes out of fear and sometimes out of necessity. H: has twice given it under his hand, that his Mother was a Whore; one to Mr. ~~Settle~~ as finding himself not pr paried to dye.

Another time there was a certain Gentle-woman that he would have Marryed, but she w. ll understanding that four naked Legs in a Bed, are not sufficient to maintain a Family, rejected his Suit, which so provoked his Lust of Revenge, that he came and brke her Windows, resolering to set a *Bawdy-house* Mark on her Lodgings. Presently a Gentlewoman complain'd of his ill Usage to a Friend, who soon call'd the Valiant Window-breaker to an account, and gave him so severe a Cane Correction, that Mr. Settle

tle fell immediately into his never failing way of Recantation, and amonst the rest of the Conditions proposed to him, readily, patiently, and willingly condescended to acknowledge himself to be the Son of a Whore.

The first of these Villanous Forgeries is taken out of a certain inveterate Filthy Libel against me, called the *Character of a true Blue Protestant Poet*, where amongst the Impudent Lyes and Detraction that fills that Paper, I was accused of being the Author of a Scandalous Copy of Verses call'd the *Sessions of the Poets*, an ill-natured scurrilous Lampoon, written some years since, and now laid as believed at the Fathers Door, being Printed amongst the Lord R's. Poems. Amongst the other Extravagancies in that Base and Malicious Libel against me. It was said that I gave it under my Hand to Mr. O--- a Gentleman highly wronged and affronted in that Paper of Verses, that *I was the Author of that Sessions of Poets, and that for which I was the Son of a Whore.*

Which is so damnable a Falshood, and so publickly known to be so too, that on the quite contrary I disown'd and abjured the writing so much as one Syllable of it: and to vindicate my self from the scandal of such a Lampoon, at that time so unjustly and so universally laid at my Door, and so much to my disreputation, if to clear my self by no less a Poteftation then that *I was the Son of a Whore if I wrote one word of it*, when indeed I did not write one word of it, be calling a Mothers Honesty into Question, let the World Judge.

But for the Gentlewoman, the Window breaking, and the Cane Correction story, and the second part of Son of Whore, that, all such pure Invention, such unparrallell'd Romance as was scarce ever matcht. But to confute the Brazen Impudence of this Villanous Libeller: I make this Challenge to the World if ever I broke a Window in my whole Life, and as my good Fortune would have it, was ever so much as in that Company that broke Windows, (as *Debauch'd* as the Remarks or Reflections have render'd me;) or if any Body can prove there is or has been that Man in the World that ever corrected me as he calls it or strook me with *Cane Staff* or *Cudgel* for above two Seaven Years last past, (for my School-Boys days Ile not answer) I do here submit to own my self the burner of London, the Murderer of Sir Edmond, or the greatest Criminal or Traytor in Europe witness my hand,

Elkanah Settle.

Another as Lying a story I meet in the Reflections pag. 51b. Reflect: *To show you that Interest is the main Spring of this Mans Affections, that he hates and Loves only according to its Dictates, that he squares Mens Virtues and Vices according to its Measures, and can be fond of, and detest in a Moment the same Persons justly as they contribute to, and jump with his Desires.* This Man having a Book to present to one of his Patrons, he prevailed with his Book-seller to go with it, damping this Patron to him at a high rate, extolling his Wisdom, Benignity of Temper, and Generosity, &c. Whereupon the Book-seller trooped with the offering to the Lord; but coming back with Disappointments in his Countenance, and telling Mr. Settle that he had delivered his Book, but that the Lord had return'd no other thanks than what consisted in words, he began to curse and damn the Sordidness of his Patron, wished he had been in Hell, when the thought came into his Head of making him that Oblation, Vomiting out all the Imprecations &c. until the Book-seller to direct this Torrent of Rage, shew'd him some few Guinneys, which his Patron had sent him as a present: and then to see the wonderful Effect, that that Metal has upon Mr. Settles Intell:ctuals, he immediately saw that good Lord again through quite different Opticks, and found in him a 1000 more fine Qualities then he had ever done before.

Just such another piece of Forgery is this with the former; and to prove so: All the Books I ever wrote, except the Popish Character, were Printed by one Book-seller, who is ready to make Oath, that there is not one Syllable of Truth in all this story, and that he never delivered any such Book or Books for me, or ever received Guinneys or Guinney for me from any Patron or Lord whatever.

But truly, of all Mankind I have the least Reason to admire or complain at this Usage, when I consider that nothing but Malice makes a Whig, and nothing but

Lyes and Rancor are the Spawn of Malice. And when I reflect on my own past Sins, I acknowledge I am but punisht in my kind; and all this, and ~~ten~~ times worse I have justly deserved; and tho with all the deepest sense and hum ~~it~~ Contrition for my Offences, I shall never think I have made any part of an Expia~~tion~~ till the whole Study of my Life and the Endeavors of my Pen are entirely employed in the Service of those Royal Brothers, whose least Beam of their so highly forfeited Mercy can never be recovered under a less Atonement Sacrifice.

There is one Pen more drawn against me, call'd a *Letter to E. Settle*; Printed by *Nat. Thompson*. The Writer whereof has no Quarrel against my Narrative, but the Author; and seems to suspect not only the Truth of my *Penitence*, but also of my *Confession*, and that there still lyes some undiscovered *Anguis in Herba* in the Breast of so high an Offender. He very much doubts whether thole Motives exprest in my Preface were the true Incendiaries to so iaveterate a Pen as mine; and believing that an Author so eminently serviceable to those false Patriots, that always make *Religion* and *Liberty* the specious pretences to mask the Blackest and Foulest Purposes, he seems to be very confident I must be trusted in their *Intrigues* and *Cabals*: and thereupon has put me a whole Roll of *Quaraes* to Answer. To which Book I can only make this short Reply. In that Confession made in my Preface, I have given the World the whole Truth of my Soul. And tho my unhappy Resentments for having a Play remanded to the Dukes Theatre, may appear a very idle Provocation for so implacable a spight and revenge as mine; yet as that Command was occasionally the Ruine of my well being in the World, the Circumstances of which are too tedious to recite, from that very Cause (tho never so unjust and unchristian a one) I drew in that Poyson and Virulence against the Son of a King and a Martyr, the Greatest of Heroes, and the best of Friends and Brothers. But as my soul, too much loaded *already*, has no *further* Sins to answer for; I am so wholly incapable of solving this Gentlemans *Qua-
ries*; that *Ignorance* and *Innocence* is all the Plea I can make, I being so far from a *Confident*, *Caballer*, or indeed *Company-keeper* with thole Antimonarchical *Mat-
chevils*, that I can safely Swear, I never so much as drank at the *Kings-head Club*; excepting on a publick Queen *Elizabeths* Night: Perhaps the *Voluntary Tribute* I brought them made me esteem'd a *Profitable Servant* enough, without exacting any farther *Task* from my Hands; or otherwise, they might be thole skillful *Physiognomists* that they could read Souls, and found me so incapable even of a *Thought* against my *King*, that in *Prudence* and *Safety*, they made their *Machinations* against the *Crown*, those *Secrets* that were to be laid out of my reach; for I declare in the presence of God, I know no more by them, then that the *Bill of Exclusion*, and the other *Par-
liamentary Projections* for *Liberty* and *Religion* were the utmost end they drove at. And if I have belied my Conscience in this *Protestation*, and am any wise Guilty of those *Crimes*, that the *Letter-writer* suspects, there is now that *Justice* wakened, that would soon o'retake me. For thanks be to Heaven, the Great *Mystery* of *In-
iquity* begins to be unfolded, and the detection of this last *TRULY Damnable* and *He-
lich Plot*, begins to set the *Staggering World* upright again: a Plot not discovered by the *Raking* of *Jails*, and *Scum* of Mankind; but by *Clouds* of *Witnesses* of *Substance* and *Quality*: A Plot, not universally denied with *Vows*, *Oaths*, and *Imprecations* even at *Gibbets* and *Death*; but confess'd in *Jails* with *Honor* and *Trembling*. A Plot, that I hope will so fully restore those *Senties* that *Delusion* and *Frenzy* have so long set a *wandring*, that *Union* and *Loyalty* shall so perfectly *Flourish* again, till the *Hearts* of his People and *Parliaments* so intirely return to the best of *Men & Kings*, that they shall meet him with no less *Careses* and *Endearments* then those at his *Restoration*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Mr. Care in one of his Contracts, has said that Mr. Cademan durst not Print my Narrative till it had Mr. L'Estranges Blessing, these are to signifie this wholly False, for this is true, Mr. L'Estrange read some part of it, yet on the other side be advised and Councelled Mr. Cademan by no means to venture to Print it.

F I N I S.